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"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS AT THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY — NO PUCK AND PLENTY OF GLOOM.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, January 13th, 1892. — No. 775.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

PUCK AND BEANS.

IT IS OUR pleasant duty to lift the Pall of Gloom and to wipe away the Tear of Grief. For one dark week the Boston Public Library has been as a house of mourning and a tabernacle of melancholy. The Hon. F. O. Prince and a vague and mysterious "Prof. M. Haynes" are the cause of all this woe. Acting as officials of the institution, they issued a decree that PUCK and all other humorous papers should be banished forever from the Library reading-room — "as soon," so ran the edict, "as the subscription shall run out." Massachusetts thrift is rarely caught napping.

Consternation fell upon the frequenters of the B. P. L. Tighter curled the cork-screw curls of the ladies in the waterproofs and prunella shoes. Paler grew the faces of the pale Brahmins who sit in the reading-room all day long. That day their luncheons lay untasted in their coat-tail pockets.

On the wings of the Associated Press the dread tale flew eastward to New York, and reached the office of PUCK. It awoke there a lively speculative curiosity, and awakened a desire to solve two novel and interesting mysteries. First: Who is Haynes?

This much we know of him, that he seems to have got in on the Associated Press reporter with the first news of the direful deed. He began to state the reasons that impelled him to the fatal act. PUCK, he said, was merely a comic paper — an opinion in which he is utterly at variance with the Honorable Thomas Brackett Reed, the Honorable William McKinley, the late-lamented Henry Poverty George, and many other eminent citizens who are quieter now than they used to be — and that he should certainly be opposed to putting such a paper into the Library. And here the Hon. F. O. Prince cut him off in the bloom of his talk, and got at the reporter, to this extent:

"We look upon the Library as the consummation of the school system and as its crowning glory. It is an institution for the purpose of popular education, and I think its administration should keep well in view the objects for which it was organized. I don't see why any of these papers that can not help along the cause of education should be admitted to the Library. It was not intended to accomplish any other purpose than the education of the people."

Now, the Hon. F. O. Prince we know. He is one of the most estimable and highly-respected has-beens in Eastern Massachusetts. Perhaps he would catch more of the echos from the procession if he were to scrape the mildew from under the eaves of his dome of thought. Yet Mr. Prince is a nice man — as he is, in spite of his harmless habit of wearing rubber overshoes in dry weather. But who is Haynes? What is Haynes? Whereof is Haynes professor? There is something at once familiar and unfamiliar about the sound of his name. It brings to mind some dim and misty recollection or association which eludes precise expression. Have we heard of Haynes and his professorship somewhere far back in the past? Why is it that, in some strange haunting way, his name brings to us a suggestion of something in the veterinary-surgeon line? We have thought vainly over all the horse-words we know, to see if one would give us a clue — Fetlock, Farcy, Crupper, Glanders, Epizooty, Knee-sprung — yet the question comes back to the inquiring mind: Who is Haynes?

Prince, as we have said, we know and understand. Every community is run, more or less, by a few active and spirited citizens who do the gray-matter end of public business, and put other people forward to do the ornamental and conversational end. These men have a great many things to think of. For instance, one will say to the other: "Is n't it time we thought about doing something for So-and-So? He's been subscribing for everything and voting straight; and he's got to have something, or he'll begin to growl pretty soon. Could n't you take him into the Board of Trade at the next election?" Then the other replies: "Go and jump up in the air. The Board of Trade has no time for that back-number. Why don't you take him into your own Club Committee?" "Because the Committee would slay me if I did," replies the first citizen. "Well, I suppose, we can always stick him into the Library. They can't kick there." That's all natural enough. You may hear such a conversation any day in any great city. But that does n't account for Haynes.

Whence did he loom up and why, and what does he profess when he is professing? Is it possible that he is the Professor who used to exhibit his peerless company of trained dogs at Herrmann's Theatre? He certainly was a professor, for he made a cat jump through a burning hoop. That is a trick that can be easily taught to dogs, but it takes persevering science to work cats up to it. But that man's name was Hines or Heintzleman.

Prince, we repeat, we understand. When you get a man of a certain sort doddering about a Public Library, what is he going to do? After he has worried the lady librarians, and jumped on the small boys who want to eat apples, why, he just naturally wanders into the reading-room and excludes something.

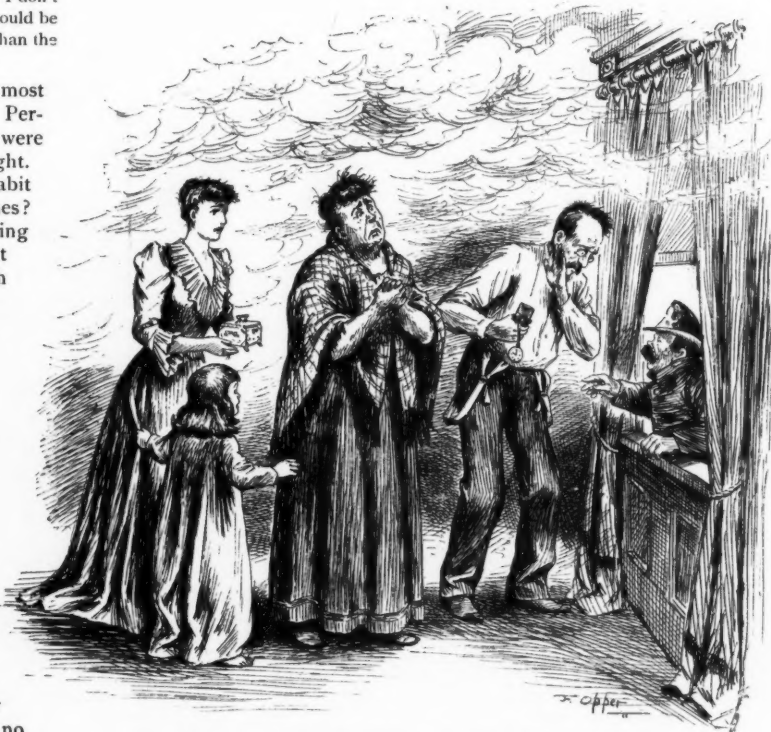
But why haul Haynes out of oblivion's gloom to help him? Haynes? Haynes? There was a Tonsorial Professor somewhere about Broome Street once, who was supposed to give the smoothest shave in the city. He used to say he learned his business shaving young oysters before their beards were grown. Could he have gone to Boston, and grown up with the beans?

And now for mystery number two. How was the reporter caught? Of course, impecunious institutions are frequently obliged to drop papers from their reading-room lists; but they generally do it quietly and unostentatiously; and Associated Press reporters do not hang about public libraries, waiting for such items of news. How, therefore, was a young and presumably active reporter captured by two library officials? Our theory will seem probable only to experienced newspaper men, who know the superhuman vigor of a Prominent Citizen in pursuit of a Free Advertisement. We are inclined to think that the victim was lured in by the false report that a New York girl had wandered into the reading-room; that then the Professor, being probably the more agile man — perhaps by reason of his professorial practice — seized upon the journalist before he knew his danger. Then, we think, the Hon. F. O. Prince, by mere force of superior ponderosity, crowded him off, and got the reporter all to himself. Then the unfortunate man, feeling the death-grip tightening upon him, and remembering his friends and his home; nerved, perhaps, by the thought of some pure and sacred love, succeeded in tearing himself loose shortly after the third "ejjooocation," and fled, with the rest of Mr. Prince's oration dangling from his paralyzed ear.

The mystery of Haynes, however, remains unsolved and must so remain. Who? what? why? wherefore?

Where did you come from, Haynesy, dear,
Out of the Nowhere into the Here?

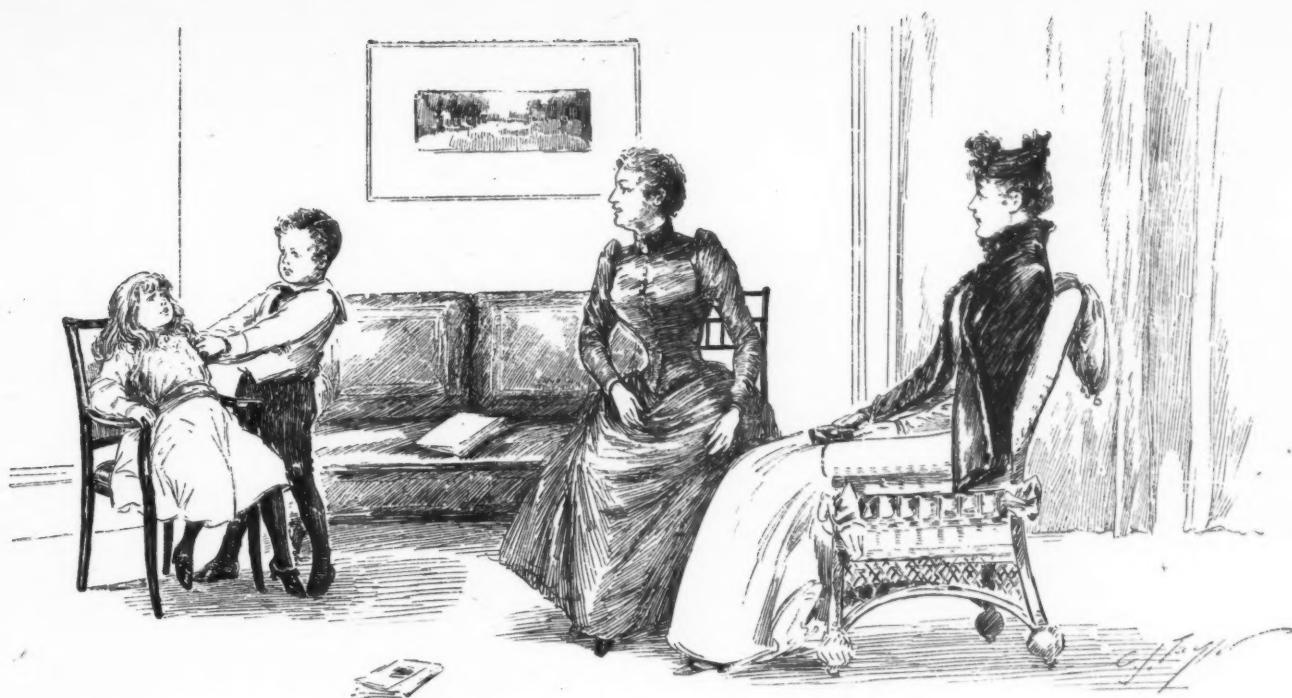
It remains for us only to lift the Pall of Gloom and to wipe away the Tear of Grief. We will come to Boston's aid. Not one pickle, not one doughnut, need be taken from the mid-day meal of even a single lady librarian, and Boston may continue to number PUCK among its "ejjooicators." Even though the subscription has run out, we will willingly continue to send PUCK to the Public Library; and it need not cost the city of Boston a single cent.



TOO PRECIOUS TO BE JEOPARDIZED.

FIREMAN. — Now then, one at a time — hurry up, if you all want to get out alive!

MR. BENTHAYRE. — Save the cook first — we may never be able to get another one!



HER GIRLHOOD'S FRIEND.

(MRS. FONDMAH'S room in the St. Denis. Enter MRS. URNEST, to MRS. FONDMAH and Two CHILDREN.)

MRS. FONDMAH (*rushing to embrace her friend*).—My dear, dear Alicia!

MRS. URNEST.—Lou, my precious! Oh, it *does* seem—

MRS. FONDMAH.—Yes—does n't it?—Juliet, please let Mama greet her friend. This is my baby. Don't cling round Mama so, darling.

MRS. URNEST.—What a little rosebud! But, Love, to think after all these years that we really meet!

MRS. FONDMAH.—Oh, Alicia!—Romeo, this is Mama's school friend, the girl I used to play with and study with.

ROMEO (*not to be taken in by any such statement*).—Hoh! *She* is n't a girl!

MRS. FONDMAH.—Children *are* so literal!—Romeo, where *is* your handkerchief? Do let me take your bonnet, dear. I have so longed for this moment—there is so much to be said! I sent the nurse-girl out, so we could have a cozy time; but I kept the children; I knew you would like to see *them*. They will not interfere with our visit, however—Juliet, my darling, you must not twist those tassels—come here.

MRS. URNEST.—But you have changed so little, Lou, I can scarcely think it is ten years—

MRS. FONDMAH.—Juliet!—Oh, quite ten!

MRS. URNEST.—And you have been living in the West?

MRS. FONDMAH.—Yes, in the West—Romeo, please, you know I can't allow you to eat peanuts here, and you must not tease, Juliet.—We call them Romeo and Juliet, after our favorite lovers.

ROMEO (*clutching JULIET with a very unlover-like grasp*).—Get off my seat! Get off, I tell you!

JULIET (*attacking ROMEO with promptness and both her fists*).—You let me alone!

MRS. FONDMAH.—Children! What dreadful conduct! Take *Wide Awake* this instant, and sit on the sofa—Romeo, do you hear me? (ROMEO *drags his feet over the carpet, making meanwhile a series of facial contortions, much to the delight of JULIET.*)

MRS. FONDMAH (*in a mysterious whisper*).—Herbert's mother!

MRS. URNEST (*looking about her*).—Where?

MRS. FONDMAH.—Her temper. Such a dreadful inheritance—otherwise the child is quite lovely. Excuse me one moment.—Romeo, I told

you *Wide Awake*, NOT *Paradise Lost*—that was Papa's birthday present to Mama; you know better than to take it.

ROMEO.—I don't want *Wide Awake*; it's a nasty, hateful old thing!

JULIET.—Oh-h-h! Mama said you must n't call names!

ROMEO (*with decision*).—If that's what things are, I'm going to call them it. Nasty—hateful—old—

MRS. FONDMAH.—What *will* your aunt Alicia think of you?

ROMEO.—She need n't think anything; and, besides, she is n't my aunt!

MRS. FONDMAH (*sternly*).—Romeo, I shall remember this.

ROMEO.—Well, you say people must n't tell stories, and that's a big one.

MRS. FONDMAH.—Not another word! Be quiet, both of you—Yes, we went West the Summer after—Juliet, do you intend to mind me?

MRS. URNEST.—And so you really expect to sail for Europe. Harry and I are planning—

MRS. FONDMAH.—Do pardon me!—Romeo, you *shall not* raise that window!—He is so adventurous, I am in constant dread. But, dear Alicia, you have n't taken your bonnet off.

MRS. URNEST (*dubiously*).—Well—I think—I am sorry, Lou; but I—really—ought not to stay longer than a few minutes.—In fact, I *must* go!

MRS. FONDMAH.—How dreadful! And I wrote you, I *begged* you to come for the whole long day! And you have n't heard the children recite, nor their piano duets—Juliet, you are squinting—yes, but you are! And it is so painful to Mama.—Oh, why must you go, dear Alicia?

MRS. URNEST (*brightly*).—Well, there is a whole week until you sail, you know, and I thought I would run in this morning, just for a glimpse of you—

MRS. FONDMAH.—Ah, then you *will* give me a whole day? Even these few moments have been so delightful—these reminiscences of the past—Juliet, I shall certainly tell Papa—good-by, dear, if you must—Juliet! Romeo! So glad to have seen you—Romeo!—good-by, dear Alicia. And you will come and spend a day—soon—

MRS. URNEST (*descending streetward in the elevator, and communicating with herself*).—Spend a day with her? I'd rather die!

Madeline S. Bridges.



THE CHURCH FAIR.

"Is it safe to attend one of these bazars with only a five-dollar bill in your pocket?"

"Well, you *have* to take chances, of course."

LAW is a dry study; but the moisture of tears seems to have much effect on a jury.

IT IS HARD to draw the line between good and evil; but how does the other political party manage to get all the bad men?

AT NIAGARA.

"Don't you just love the grace of Nature, Mr. Dart?"

"Grace of Nature? Pshaw! Look at her now—how she falls all over herself!"

THE MAN whose name is most often under a cloud is the umbrella-maker.

INTEREST in gilt-lettering as often fills a gaudy book-case as interest in letters.

VAULTING AMBITION.

"Was he hurt by falling at the hurdle?"

"Yes; but he hopes to get over it."

MANKIND MAY be brothers, but there is no statement viewed with such suspicion as a statement that follows the words, "I deny."

KENTUCKY should be represented on the national flag by a shooting star.

MAVERICKS

Short Stories Rounded Up

THE RECORDING SPOOK.

IT MAY BE that the brief statement which I have to make is to some extent out of place, coming from me, a mere layman. I have felt, indeed, that it ought to be left to a scientific man. But I think that, even in the incomplete manner in which I must present it, it may have a certain intrinsic interest for those who have given any thought to the great problem of what we know as the supernatural. The period which allows of the existence of a Society for Psychical Research—the period which pries curiously into our personal relations with the unseen world—must plead my excuse for offering you my small contribution to the science of the unknowable.

The incidents which I am about to narrate occurred some two years ago. It was toward the close of an exhausting season.

I had striven for some months to perform that part known as "keeping one's end up." I had tried to keep my end up. There is concurrent and contemporaneous testimony to the effect that I did keep my end up. Looking back on it now, it seems to me that I kept two or three ends up. I kept my end up at afternoon teas. I kept my end up at early morning suppers. I was up before, and after, the lark. I generally managed to see the moon to bed. I do not know whether I make this clear to you. As I said, perhaps I ought to have left the subject to a scientific man. Any scientific

man could explain that this sort of a thing is wearing on the most cast-iron constitution.

One dewy morn in February, I slipped into bed just as the first milk cart rattled under my window. I was very tired. I was very tired, indeed. My eyes were just closing when I saw, seated upon the foot of my bed, what I can only describe as a supernatural visitant.

It was a pale-gray, mottled spook, about sixteen hands high. I was n't afraid of it. I said:

"Hello! who are you?"

"I'm a spook," it replied.

"All right," I said; "spook when you're spooked to. Good night." And then I turned over.

"Where are you going?" inquired the spook.

"Going to sleep," I told him.

"Not now, you're not," said the spook.

"What's to hinder me?" I queried, in a scientific spirit.

"I am," the spook said; "that's what I'm here for. I'm the recording spook. I'm sent here to wait on you every night, when you go to bed, and to report to you, before you go to sleep, every foolish, conventional or unnecessary thing that you have said during the day."

I mildly intimated that he had a contract on hand.

"I have," said he, rubbing his hands; "and I'm the boy that can fill it, too. Come now, young man, roll over so that I can see you, take your hands out of your ears and listen. The entertainment is going to begin right now, and the curtain's up."

I groaned. I might as well have whistled.

"Let's see," said the spook, grinning hideously and rubbing his hands; "let's see. You met Jones at the Club this morning. You had n't seen Jones in two days, and what did you say to Jones? Why, you said: 'Quite a stranger, are n't you?' Now, that was brilliant, was n't it? The edge had n't been rubbed off that observation in fifteen hundred third-class boarding-houses, had it? Why, that was the regulation joke in the ark when Noah happened to miss a breakfast through sitting up too late the night before inspecting his private stock."

"Go away," said I. "I want to go to sleep."

But he did n't go away. He went—he went on:

"Then you went to the Turkish bath, did n't you? And you went into the hot room—temperature 200. And you saw Robinson there, eh? And what did you say to Robinson?"

I said that I did n't remember.

"You *do* remember," said the spook; "you said: 'Is it hot enough for you?'—that's what you said. You did n't happen to think of any other way of making an idiot of yourself, just at the moment, so you said that. Well, it filled the bill."

That is the way he began, that spook; and he kept it up until daylight. He did n't seem to get tired, either. He just kept it up, talking away in that easy, pleasant, conversational manner, telling me all the idiotic things I had said that day. I rolled about, and tried to bury my ears in the pillows. Then I tried to bury the pillows in my ears. It was of no use. The experience meeting came to a close about half-past six. The spook vanished, after making an appointment for the next morning.

He was on time; he was on time right straight along every night after that. I never went to sleep until I knew just how much of a conversational ass I had made of myself during the preceding twenty-four hours.

Under these kindly ministrations I improved in my speech. I chastened my conversation, and turned the faucet on my flow of language. And I saw with pleasure that the spook began to dwindle and diminish and grow pale and peaky. He got in a ten or fifteen minutes' séance each night, to remind me that I had said "See you later," or "I should smile," or something of that sort, for I found it difficult to get rid of the slang habit. But he dwindled—every blessed night he dwindled.

But one night I came home and found that spook swollen to twice his original proportions. His head was bobbing up against the ceiling, and there was a grin of fiendish malice on his face.

I knew what was the matter. I knew he had me, too. That evening I had met, for the first time, a certain young lady, and I felt—as one does sometimes feel in such cases—without any arguing about it, or making any investigation into the subject, that without her my life would be a barren blank, not to speak about a desert waste. I suppose that is what is called falling in love. Well, that is what I called it, a little later.

But it was a great thing for the spook. He fairly batted on me from that time on.

"Sweets to the sweet," he would say. "That's what you said to her when you gave her the rose. Why, the girl must think you a perfect imbecile!"

"She does n't," I would explain. "She told a friend of mine that I was a brilliant conversationalist."

"Oh, you're a brilliant conversationalist!" he would shriek; "and did the brilliant conversationalist brill this evening? Not this evening. The brilliant conversationalist asked her if she did n't think the rooms were very

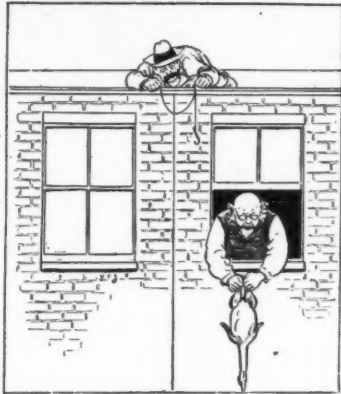
warm. And he said that we had been having very pleasant weather for this time of year, and that it would probably be warmer in May. Oh, you just bristled all over with pungent epigrams, you did!"

I did n't care, though. I have no use for a man who can be in love and not make a fool of himself. And I was happy.

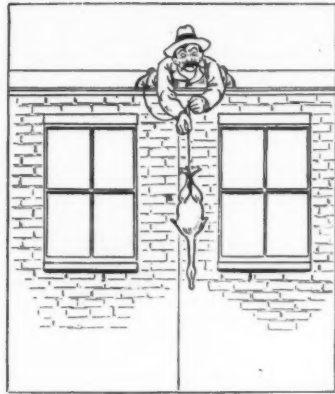
And the end came. There was one night when I got home, and found the spook swelled to such proportions that he filled the apartments. I had to walk through him to get to bed. His gray, mottled sides shook with hysterical laughter. There was malicious triumph in his distended eyes. He pointed his finger at me, and gasped out: "Oh, what a fool you've made of yourself this evening! Oh, ain't I going to have fun with you!"



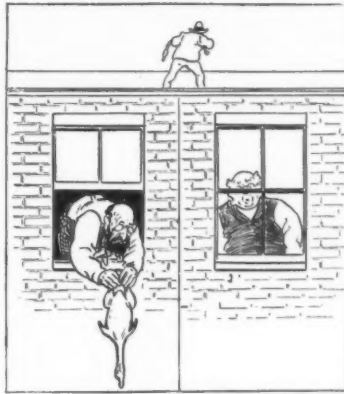
SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.



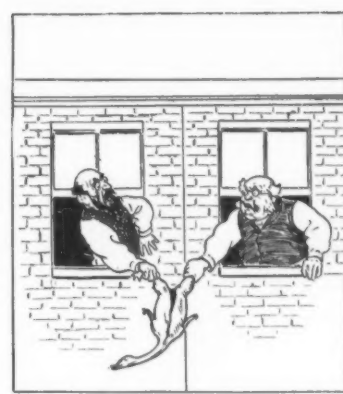
"A fine green goose!" says Mr. Bang;
"Until to-night I'll let it hang."



"A fine green goose!" says lineman Dwyer;
"T would be improved if slightly higher."



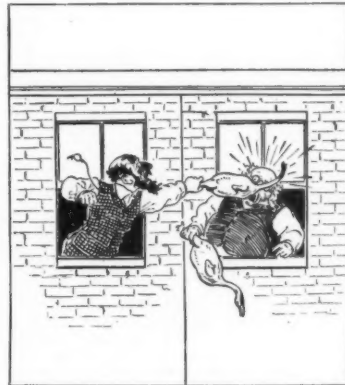
"A fine green goose!" says Mr. Ruyl;
"But better let it hang awhile."



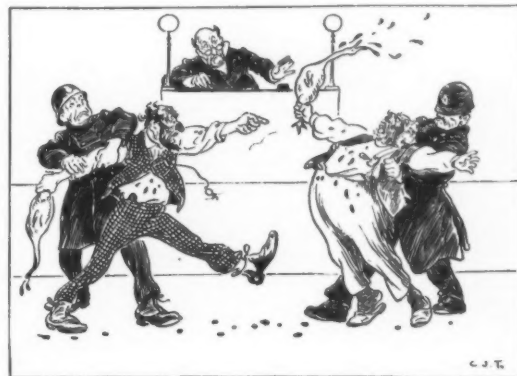
"Come, come!" cries Bang; "I'll take that bird!"
Shouts Ruyl: "It's mine—don't be absurd!"



"It's mine!" "It's mine!" "Oh, confound you!"
It's come apart—take this half, too!"



"Gadzooks!" yells Ruyl; "I'll go to law—
There—if you want it, eat it raw!"



But, brought to Court, it really looked
To each as if his goose was cooked.

He never had it. His memory had got an overdose of conversational idiocy, and his surcharged brain gave way under the strain. He gurgled and burred for a little, and tried to tell me all about it; but it was too much for him; and at last, with one wild howl of imbecility, he vanished utterly away.

That, I should explain, was the evening that I asked the young lady to be my wife. And it was also the evening when the young lady said: "Why—yes."

And what I said after that was too much for the spook.

H. C. Bunner.



THE PLACE FOR CONVERSATION.

"My dear," said Mrs. Chatterly to Mrs. Chitterly; "I have so much to tell you, but I can't stay now."

"Then go with us to the opera to-morrow night," suggested Mrs. Chitterly.

IT WENT.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINER.—Do you know when Peter Stuyvesant came to this country?

EAST SIDE APPLICANT.—Naw; but I know when Dick Croker came over. Does it go?

A TERRIBLE OFFENSE.

VISITOR.—What are you in for?

PRISONER.—Alas, Madam, I once stopped a Broadway horse-car in broad daylight.

VISITOR.—Why, I don't see any offense in that.

PRISONER.—I was the conductor.

CIVIL SERVICE EX. AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

INSPECTOR (to CANDIDATE FOR PROMOTION).—What is the area of New York?

CANDIDATE FOR PROMOTION.—The place where the cook sets up lunch.

A BOX OVERCOAT.

FUNNIMAN.—Young Dudel's body has been recovered.

"Why, I did n't know he had been drowned!"

"He has n't. He has merely bought a new suit of clothes."

BELOW THE LOWEST DEPTHS.

'T is sad how deep into Oblivion go

Some books we thought would shine on every shelf;

To-day, while looking through my works, I found

Two that I wrote, and then forgot, myself.

P. McArthur.



MISLEADING DIRECTIONS.

COL. BLUGRASS.—How shall I reach the river, sah?

YANK.—Jest follow your nose straight ahead.

COL. BLUGRASS.—Sah! Does my nose look like a nose, sah, that would lead me to watah, sah?

THE GAS LOG.



THE NAME of the evil genius who invented the gas log is happily unknown, from which it seems but fair to assume that he regards this invention as much in the light of a pot-boiler as a room-heater. Had he felt proud of his invention, it is quite likely that his initials, if not his name in full, would be carved upon each and every log.

The mystery of the identity of this individual leads us to suspect that he was ashamed of his invention, as well he might be, and that his seeming modesty in withholding his name, and not permitting it to become a fireside word from one end of the land to the other, was a mere sham, and is almost

proof positive that he was possessed of genuine artistic feeling, and sought to escape the ill-fame that he feared would follow him through life like a phantom of despair, and after death enwreath his name forever in a halo of universal contempt.

The gas log of art is no more to be compared with the hickory log of nature than is the cast-iron deer painted bottle-green upon the front lawn to be compared with the real deer that fitfully capers through the pathless forest. And you might as consistently expect to get a ruddy wholesome glow from the gas log that has no musical sizzle, as to be able to convert the cast-iron deer into toothsome stewed venison.

If there is a man extant who may be described as one whose ruling idea is that monotony is the spice of life, that man might be set down as a warm advocate of the gas log. Because he would find all the monotony his heart could desire in watching its flames, that never grow larger or smaller, and which always point in the same direction, like the tails of the sweet pensive drawing-room cows of a certain painter.

The flames curl themselves about the flake moss without impairing it in the least, although the dog lying upon the hearth is singed until he generates an odor not entirely unlike that of burning feathers or rubber boots. Lovers sitting before its mechanical flames might regard it with favor, because of its adaptability to burning high or low.

Look upon the hollow gas log which requires no tongs, and never affords the peculiar charm one feels in keeping the fire going. You can not sit and dream before it, and discover all sorts of quaint conceits in the embers. It has no crackle and sputter; there is no bond of sympathy between it and the person sitting before it. It is truly the kind of fire to turn one's back upon.

It seems a great wonder that some gas log maker of chromo-artistic instincts and sentiments has not endeavored to make a sensation by having a bird perched on a twig attached to the log, or a squirrel sitting on his haunches roasting a chestnut in the flames.

When a man comes out and tells me that he likes the gas log, and



USEFUL AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL.

There's nothing like an umbrella lamp in the house when the pipes burst.



A QUALIFYING CIRCUMSTANCE.

BERKELEY VAN NOBS.—Is n't that Hopkins a very decent sort of a fellah?

REGGY WESTEND.—No; not our sort.

BERKELEY VAN NOBS.—But I saw him in Lunnon, last Summer.

REGGY WESTEND.—But he goes to Lunnon on business.

regards it a great artistic triumph, and that it has decorative beauty as well as general utility, I know him through and through. I know that unto him E. P. Roe is a perennial joy and Landor an unknown quantity.

I am sure the gas log will take its place beside the chromo, the paper collar and the folding bed, in the great, throbbing public heart. And it is likely that when its popularity reaches its maximum height, the hot-water-heater men will have iron grape vines running about the walls, that the water running through the branches may radiate heat in such a way as to cause even the lover of realism to fancy he is lingering in a vineyard. And, perchance, the end will not be then.

The gas log may even develop into artificial trees, to be set out about the houses of the rich who can not wait for natural trees to mature. They could be made sufficiently faithful to nature to suit all persons who countenance the gas log. And even if they did not look natural, these people would rejoice in that effect, and speak lightly and flippantly of the monotony and commonplace of Nature. Of course it would be very expensive having the foliage painted to suit the seasons; but this would not prove objectionable to a class of people who regard cost as the true criterion of worth.

It is nevertheless the duty — almost the imperative duty — of every right-minded man to exert his influence to destroy the growing popularity of the gas log. Let him ridicule it playfully, that he may give the impression that it is not justly entitled to serious consideration, and he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he is performing a class of missionary work that is at once grand and ennobling. And by doing this thing, he will help to crush out the gas log and roll it from the market forever. And then it can not live in the great public heart with the chromo, the folding bed and the paper collar.

R. K. M.

TO FIX THE FACT.

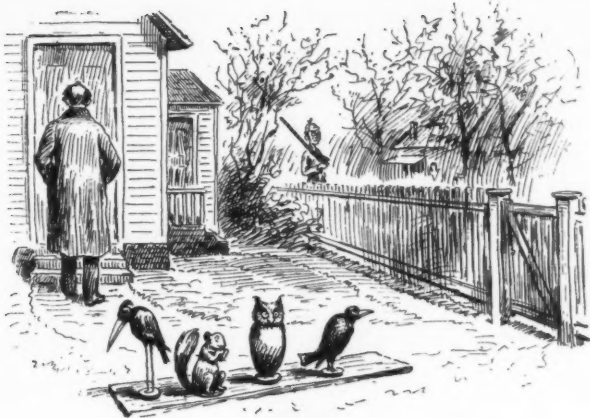
OBADIAH.—An' you doan' b'leeve in evah-lastin', Cephas?

CEPHAS.—I kain't, Deacon; fur hit's got no beginnin' an' no endin'.

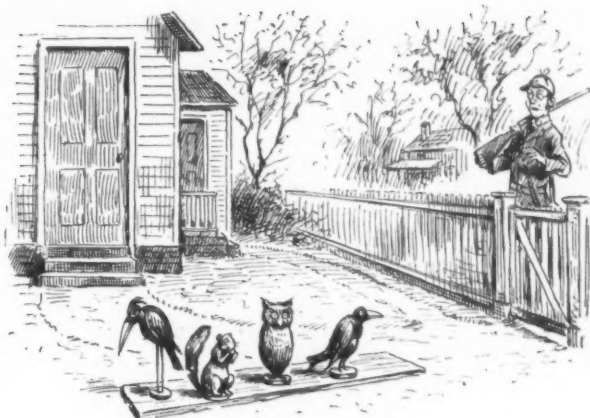
OBADIAH.—Heah, boy! When you git to be fool man, an' git married, an' you take yo' wife to see a neighbah, an' de two women comes to part an' to say good night on de front stoop whilst you stan' stompin' yo' feet to keep 'em wawm, ef you doan' begin fur to b'leeve in etehnyty you mus' be a ijiot.



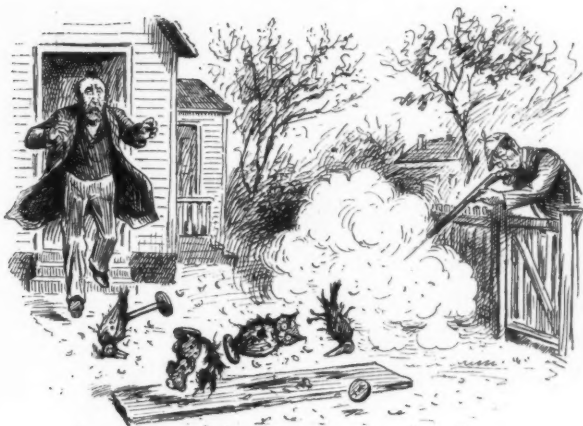
MR. STUFFER AND MR. SHOTTS.



1) (MR. STUFFER, the amateur taxidermist, puts his latest masterpiece out in the sun to dry.)



2) MR. SHOTTS (the sportsman, somewhat near-sighted). — By Jove! this is the greatest region for game I ever saw! They come right into the people's yards! —



3) — I 'll have to bag that lot, sure!



4) (After some exceedingly violent and personal remarks from MR. STUFFER, they come to an amicable understanding on the basis of twenty dollars.)

HIS FAVORITE PASSAGE.



HE ENTERED the book-store — a ragged, ill-smelling, unclean tramp; but he spoke in a manner so gentle and refined that the clerk who was about to hustle him out listened to his request.

"If you've no objection," said the tramp, "I should like to glance for one moment at Boswell's Life of Johnson;" and when the book

had been handed to him, he carefully wiped his fingers on the inside of his coat, turned the pages until he found what he wanted, closed the volume and looked at the clerk with a gratified smile.

"Johnson was one of the greatest minds the world ever knew," he said. "I get inspiration from him — I go to him when I am in doubt — and like a benediction his words soothe and comfort me."

"What were you looking for this time?" asked the clerk.

"A passing pedestrian accommodated me with a loan of ten cents, just now," replied the tramp; "and it occurred to me that I should like to look once more upon that sentence of Johnson's: 'There is nothing which has yet been contrived by men by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern.' I am obliged to you for the use of the book, sir. Good-day."

And with the gratified smile still resting on his features, he shuffled out to the sidewalk and became swallowed up in the crowd.



ACCUSTOMED TO IT.

PORTER. — Ise 'fraid you won't find much room for undressin' up dar, sah.

MR. GOTHAM. — Oh, there 's plenty of room, plenty of it! At home, I live in a flat.

A DARKENED LIFE.

GRACECHURCH SMITH. — There is no natural disadvantage that may not be surmounted, no error that may not be atoned.

PROSPECT HYTES. — I don't know about that. I began my life with a dismal mistake that I can never get over.

GRACECHURCH SMITH. — What was that?

PROSPECT HYTES. — I was born in Brooklyn.

ODE TO WINTER.

Hail, gentle Winter, soft and mild!
Hail, Summer's radiant, lovely child!
Hail, spicy zephyrs, warmly blown
From some delicious tropic zone!
Hail, dandelion shoots that raise
Their golden songs of cheerful praise,
And buds that open to the breeze
That bends the tall Long Island trees;
And cucumbers that greenly grow,
And brooks that purl with unchecked flow!
Hail, one and all! I've put away
My overcoat to wear in May!

Harry Romaine.

NO USE TRYING.

OLD FRIEND. — I have it on good authority that your daughter has determined to marry young Fastfello. You must prevent it.

MR. MEEKE. — I can't.

OLD FRIEND. — You are her father.

MR. MEEKE. — That 's it. She 's a woman, and I 'm only a man.

IN GOOD WIND.

Now the foreign pugilist
Comes on a slugging mission;
Though we don't know much about his fist,
His wind 's in good condition!



THE TASK OF THE

PUCK.



F THE DANAÏDES.

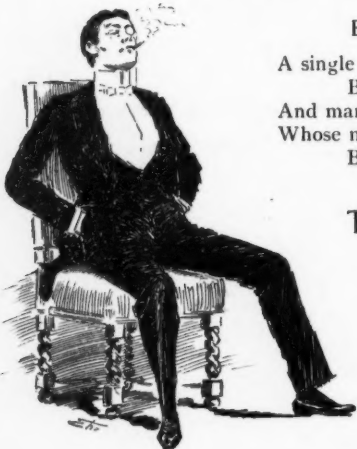


SHE WAS WILLING.

HUSBAND.—My dear, we'll have to economize.
WIFE.—Well, let's smoke less.

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

"I see," remarked Mr. Stockyard, of Chicago, "that the Venus de Milo is to be here during the Fair."
"De Milo," replied Mr. Riverscomb, thoughtfully; "I don't know that I ever heard of her. What's her specialty?"



EYES VS. MOUTH.

A single eye-glass we deride;
But many a lass,
And many a friend will him commend,
Whose modest thirst is satisfied
By th' single glass!

THE LIAR needs a good memory;
but his victim is in no danger
of forgetfulness.

A BOARDING-HOUSE BEAUTY
—The assurance of getting
your three square meals a day
until the end of the week.

KATE FIELD'S definition of plagiarism, as a "lack of skill in effacing coincidences," scarcely comes up to a Western clergyman's idea, who describes it as a "case of morbidly retentive memory reacting upon unusual receptivity of mind and producing unconscious assimilation of ideas."

THE WAGES of diplomacy should be paid for as peace-work. It is too slow to warrant rates by the hour.

IF THE "experts" continue to have their way, everything from a plain drunk to murder will be considered a sign of insanity.

THE PHILOSOPHER can be plain amongst men; but no man can endure with patience a woman's slur about his clothing.

THE PROTECTED steel-rail manufacturer believes in "making tracks for home."

ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME.

The two district messenger companies of this city are about to consolidate.—*Daily Papers.*

The Mutual and the A. D. T.
Are soon to become one Company.
Here's a thought that gives one trouble—
Will the messenger-boys of the single Co.
Travel *one-half* or *twice* as slow
As when the two Co.'s were double?

FULLY CONVERTED.

DEACON SOLLEMM (*after his cuffs and collars*).—My friend, are you a Christian?

YUNG LUNG.—Yessee. Me wantee sellee wiffee, an' mally pletty Sunday-school teachee.

UP TO DATE.

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And a gorgeous jag had he!



BOSTON'S FOUR HUNDRED.

"Penelope, dear," said Mr. Funnle; "have you made up your list for the reception cards?"

"No, Shelley—I have n't had time. It won't be much trouble though. I've written to Mr. Scudder and asked for the subscription list of the *Atlantic*."

THE ART CONSCIENCE.

D'AUBER.—I want to ask your advice about a political cartoon. It represents the hungry ox and the dog in the manger.

SIZZERS.—But neither the ox nor the dog has any head.

D'AUBER.—That's it; shall I give them to Harrison and Blaine, or Cleveland and Hill?

HOW ESTIMATES MOUNT UP.

CITIZEN.—Why is it you contractors want twice as much for cleaning the streets this year as you got last year?

CONTRACTOR.—There's twice as much dirt to clean.

"Why so?"

"We did n't do any cleaning last year."

A SUGGESTION.

If "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast"
Is found to be a rule that seldom varies,
Why can we not do good, and get a rest,
By sending organ-grinders off as missionaries.



EXTREME PROVOCATION.

OLD GENTLEMAN.—Dear, dear, are n't you boys ashamed to be fighting?

SMALL BOY.—It wuz all *his* fault—he said me fader wuz a Mugwump!



GENEROUS TO A FAULT.

"You've forgotten something, sah," said the offensive waiter.
"Never mind," replied the irascible old gent; "you can have it!"

THE REVERY OF A BACHELOR.

BY A BACHELOR OF MANY YEARS EXPERIENCE.

CONFOUND that fire!
Why don't they get modern improvements in this house?
The blamed thing is either uncomfortable —
Or disagreeable —
Or out —
Just like the girl I wish to marry —
And can't.
I think I will tear up some old letters.

It is so appropriate to a revery.
There — it is done.
Their fluttering ashes bring a swarm of memories back to me.
They were all bills.
I should not have torn them up.
I could keep myself in cigarettes by selling them for old paper.
I have always been wasteful.
It is the only thing I have been —
Except full occasionally.
How beautiful she looked!
It was the blush of love on her cheek.
They tell me she has accepted him.
Why did I foolishly tell her that if she refused me I would always remain single?
She will tell the other girls.
And they will remind me of the promise should I ever propose to any of them.
Moreover the boys will get on to it at the Club.
And I will have a real nice time of it.
I wish something would put an end to this revery.
I guess I will.

AT THE CHINA EXHIBITION.

"Some of these Chinese words break my heart! What does 'Ta-Sung' mean, now?"

"It means 'Great Protective.' That dynasty commenced A. D. 960 and lasted 167 years."

"Great Scott! And yet Bill McKinley thinks he invented something new!!!"

A GREAT DEMAND.

If every lie told in a political campaign were nailed, iron would soon be as expensive as gold.

PUNISHMENT.

Upon the street in broad daylight
He sat down in a chair
Where misspelled letters told the tale
That shoes were polished there.

And, as he sat with sheepish smile,
It almost made him swear
As he — saw every friend he had
Walk slowly by that chair.

T. M.

KINDRED SPIRITS.

"Yes, sir!" said the man from Colorado to a new acquaintance; "I believe in free silver, I do."

"So do I," replied the other; "I'm a burglar, myself."

MUSICAL NOTE.

"How is Thomas doing in Chicago?"
"First-class. They are beginning to call him Tommy."

NO USE TO LOOK FOR IT.

"I've lost my overcoat."
"Not irreparably, I hope."
"Yes; it's gone for keeps. My wife hung it up in her wardrobe."

FOR THE NEW DICTIONARY.

INGENUE.—What is a cold deck, Wager?
WAGER.—A cold deck, my innocent, is one the gamester keeps in a nice box till you're fit to be frozen out. See?

A LITERARY NOTE.

PUBLISHER.—Hello, old man! I have n't met you in years; in fact, not since we left school. How have you been getting along?

VISITOR.—I have made a cool million out of leaf lard.

PUBLISHER.—Gee Whillikins! and I had n't heard of it. Say, can't I induce you to write an article for my magazine on "The Intellectual Decadence of Modern Europe?"



A QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE.

MRS. O'HARA.—That's a fine way fur a man t' go dhownshtairs!

MR. O'HARA.—Can't a man go dhownshtairs any dom way he plazes?

The name of SOHMER & Co. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.

It is now 1892.

A Presidential year.

Oh, dear! We shall have to read lots about politics during '92.

The cries of Tariff Reform and Protection will fill the air — make the welkin ring. Where can we go to escape the din??

There are no politics in "Puck's Library," only fun, nothing but fun. Thirty-two pages of it every month — illustrated, too!

One dollar and twenty cents will pay for it for a year. Let us send you a list of issues published to date. Address "Puck," New York.

SMOOTHER THAN GOLD, MORE DURABLE THAN PURE STEEL.



Samples free at the stationers, or we will send twelve styles for ten cents.
391 TADELLA PEN CO., ST. PAUL, MINN.

DECKER BROTHERS' PIANOS
33 UNION SQUARE
NEW YORK



You don't want comfort. If you don't wish to look well dressed. If you don't want the best, then you don't want the Lace Back Suspender. Your dealer has it if he is alive. If he isn't he shouldn't be your dealer. We will mail a pair on receipt of \$1.00. None genuine without the stamp as above.

Lace Back Suspender Co.,
57 Prince Street, N. Y.

376

IT'S WONDERFUL!

"The New Treatment" for Catarrh, by petroleum. Send stamp for 30 page pamphlet, free. Agents wanted.
HEALTH SUPPLIES CO., 710 BROADWAY, N. Y.

333

Liebig Company's
Extract of Beef.

BEST

PUREST BEEF TEA CHEAPEST

INVALUABLE

in the Kitchen for Soups, Sauces,
and Made Dishes.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists
Warerooms: 140, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.
CHICAGO, ILL., 230 State Street.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club B'd'g.
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main Street.

Pears' Soap

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears' is supposed to be the only soap in the world that has no alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

DID N'T KNOW THE TOWN.
WOODEN.—I notice in New York that they have a lot of lunch places where everybody helps himself, and then reckons up his own check. I should think such a place would pay here in Boston.

BULFINCH.—How long have you been in Boston?

WOODEN.—Two weeks.

BULFINCH.—It does n't seem possible.—*Boston Courier.*

YEAST.—Does your boarding-house mistress help the poor any?

CRIMSONBEAK.—Well, yesterday we had a chicken for dinner that was about the poorest I ever saw. She helped that.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"OH, Arthur, how happy I would be alone with you on a quiet Island in the distant ocean!"

"Have you any other wish, dearest Ella?"

"Oh, yes; do get me a season ticket for the opera."—*Texas Siftings.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

BROCK * ENTERPRISE, HOUSE. * FLORIDA.

This famous hotel has opened for the season, December 15th, 1891. A truly tropical spot, celebrated for its natural beauty and excellent hunting and fishing. One of the most comfortable and homelike hotels in the South. Gas, bells, baths, orchestra, telegraph, artesian well, mineral springs. Service, attendance and cuisine of the highest order. Send for terms and circular.

F. M. ROGERS, Proprietor.
Formerly with Park Avenue Hotel, New York.



UNEXCELLED HATS.

WINTER STYLES.

177 1/2 B'way bet. Cortlandt and Dey Sts. N.Y.
1147 bet. 20. & 27. Sts.

BEARING THIS TRADE-MARK. 124 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS

An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft and Beautiful. Infalible for curing eruptions, diseases of the skin, glands and muscles, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c.

All Druggists or by Mail, 50 cts.

BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone Str., New York.

FOR THE
**HAIR
AND
SKIN**

ESTABLISHED 1801.

THE REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER

Is to-day, as it has ever been, the leading Typewriter.

Carefully tested improvements are constantly added to this famous machine.



Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

TRY OUR PARAGON BRAND OF TYPEWRITER RIBBONS.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,
327 Broadway, New York.

It takes nine tailors to make a man, but one can break him.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

RED HAND ALLSOPP'S ALE.
BOTTLED BY THE BREWERS IN ENGLAND.
HIGHEST GRADE IMPORTED.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
New York Branch, 92 Pearl Street, E. L. ZELL, Agent.

ABOUT the only man who really profits by the New Year's resolution is the newspaper humorist.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"I AM at your service, Ma'am," as the burglar said when the lady of the house caught him stealing the silverware.—*Texas Siftings.*

Have a bottle of Salvation Oil always on hand, it may save you infinite pain. 25 cents.
Don't forget to take a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup with you to Florida this winter.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE Cocoa

Unequaled for Delicacy of Flavor and Nutritious Properties. Easily Digested. Different from all other Cocos.



DON'T LOSE YOUR HAIR WRITE

For Premature Graying and Loss of Hair, use Rancour's Quinine Tonic, price \$1.
For Dandruff, itching, or mild Eczema, use Rancour's Dandruff Specific, \$1.
If you have any trouble of hair or scalp, send 10c. for Valuable Book Treating on Same.
For Skin and Scalp. For Curling Ladies' Bangs, use Rancour's Medicinal Soap. Rancour's Bang Curler.
Rancour Hair Remedy Co., Albany, N.Y.

TO-DAY!

TO EXPEL SCROFULA

from the system,
take

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

the standard
blood-purifier and
tonic. It

Cures Others
will cure you.

374

Chrysanthemums

are steadily growing in favor. Their culture is easy; their value in the garden or for decorative purposes great.

We have the best.

Our collection of chrysanthemums is the largest and finest in the country. Our show in the Madison Square Garden in 1890, our prizes in 1891, attest the truth of this. We will send our catalogue of

New and rare

PLANTS AND SEEDS containing 100 original full page photographic engravings, together with one package of prize chrysanthemum seed, for twenty-five cents, to any one naming this paper.

Pitcher & Manda,
UNITED STATES NURSERIES,
Short Hills, N. J.

PENNSYLVANIA TOURS! CALIFORNIA AND MEXICO.

Leaving the EAST for CALIFORNIA JANUARY 13th,
FEBRUARY 24th, MARCH 24th, APRIL 20th,
and MEXICO FEBRUARY 10th, 1892.

FORMING TRIPS OF VARIABLE DURATION.
Most Superbly Appointed TOURS ever offered.

EXCURSION TICKETS with Return Limits adjustable to the wishes of tourists, including ALL TRAVELING EXPENSES, will be sold at the most liberal rates.

For Itineraries, Reservations of Space, and all information, apply to Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad, 849 Broadway, New York, or 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

Chas. E. Pugh, General Manager. R. J. Wood, General Passenger Agent.

KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP

NO OTHER

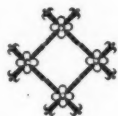
LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers, or if unable to procure this wonderful soap send 25c in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAMES S. KIRK & CO.,

SPECIAL—Shandon Bells Soap (the popular Society Soap) sent FREE to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

Have You Ever Hunted for a Dark Room



in some strange city to enable you to change the load in your camera? Have you ever lost an opportunity to take some picture that you wanted because you could not find a suitable place to load your camera? The "Daylight" Kodak requires no dark room.

Send for circulars.

THE EASTMAN COMPANY,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Beauty often depends on plumpness; so does comfort; so does health. If you get thin, there is something wrong, though you may feel no sign of it.

Thinness itself is a sign; sometimes the first sign; sometimes not.

The way to get back plumpness is by CAREFUL LIVING, which sometimes includes the use of Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil.

Let us send you—free—a little book which throws much light on all these subjects.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do, \$1.

"HALF-TRUE TALES" By C. H. Augur
In Paper, 50 Cts. In Cloth, \$1.00.



supplying you, and if they will not do so, send advertised price, stating kind desired and size and width usually worn. Shoes sent by mail to any part of the world, postage free.

A THOUGHTFUL EMPLOYER.
"You say your present boss treats you better than Mr. Smith did?"
"Yis, sorr; and oftener."—*The Epoch*.



TRADE MARK.

Daily tests in card playing countries throughout the world confirm the excellence of the "United States" Cards. Of the many brands issued at our factories the following are adapted especially to Club Games and Card Parties:

Capitol. Sportsman's. Cabinet.
Army and Navy. Treasury. Congress.

Insist upon having them from your dealer.

THE UNITED STATES PRINTING CO.,

The Russell & Morgan Factories, CINCINNATI, O.

"The Card Players' Companion," showing how games are played, and giving prices of 40 brands—400 kinds—of playing cards, will be sent to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen and enclose a two-cent stamp.



TRADE MARK.

RARE.

"I see Maude Van Perkins and Harold Smithers of the Four Hundred were married the other day."

"Yes. I was there."

"Was there any special feature about the wedding?"

"Yes. It was a love match."—*The Epoch*.

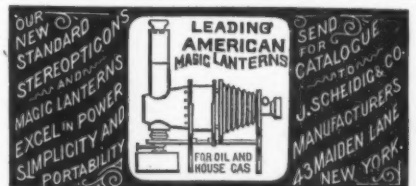
GEORGE ELIOT probably knew as well as anybody that a good rule works both ways when she said that "those who trust us, educate us," for they also learn in time.—*Boston Post*.

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER.

For Brain-Workers and Sedentary People; Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 in. square floor-room; new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Indorsed by 30,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors, and others now using it. Send for illustrated circular, 40 engravings; no charge. Prof. D. L. Dowd, Scientific, Physical and Vocal Culture, 2 East 14th Street, New York.

PAYS well on small investments. **MAGIC LANTERNS, STEREOPTICONS and VIEWS** of all grades and prices, for Public Exhibition and Home Amusement. Send for 250-page Catalogue free. **McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau Street, New York.**

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP
For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 60c. A Sample Case and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty. Illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of 10c. also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pimples, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed.
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Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.



SMOKE TANSILL'S PUNCH 5c. CIGAR.
30 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Now Ready—The February Part of the

YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL,

The best Journal for Ladies and Families, containing the latest and best fashions; profusely illustrated; a mammoth colored supplement of fashions; numerous complete stories of absorbing interest, and the beginning of a new story, entitled

"FROM OVER THE SEA,"

besides New Music, Embroidery Designs, etc. The most complete magazine for ladies published. A new volume began with the January number. **NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.** Price, 30 Cents. Yearly, \$4.00, including the Christmas number, post-paid. All newsdealers, and **THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, NEW YORK.**

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83 and 85 Duane Street, one door East of Broadway, New York.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR ANY PERIODICAL, FOREIGN OR DOMESTIC.



TO AVOID CONTAMINATION.

"See that idiot looking at the chorus through the large end of his opera glasses!"

"He is not an idiot. That is the Rev. Dr. Sampkins. He is trying to get the chorus as far from him as possible."—*The Epoch*.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3.00 SHOE THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY.

Seamless shoe, without tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet; made of fine calf, stylish and easy. They equal hand-sewed costing from \$4.00 to \$5.00.

\$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever offered for \$5.00; equals imported shoes which cost from \$8.00 to \$12.00.

\$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt Shoe, fine calf, stylish, comfortable and durable. The best shoe ever offered at this price; same grade as custom made shoes costing from \$6.00 to \$9.00.

\$3.50 Police Shoe; Farmers, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them; fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, heavy thick soles, extension edge.

\$2.50 fine calf, \$2.25 and \$2.00 Workingman's are very strong and durable.

Boys' \$2.00 and \$1.75 school shoes are worn by the boys everywhere; they sell on their merits, as the increasing sales show.

Ladies' \$3.00 Hand-sewed shoes, best Dongola, very stylish; equal French imported shoes costing from \$4.00 to \$6.00. **\$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.75** shoe for Misses are the best fine Dongola. Stylish and durable.

Caution—See that W. L. Douglas's name and price are stamped on the bottom of each shoe. **TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.** Insist on local advertised dealers of each shoe.

supplying you, and if they will not do so, send advertised price, stating kind desired and size and width usually worn. Shoes sent by mail to any part of the world, postage free.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

OUR Evening Dress Suits

have their distinguishing features. "Perfect as to Style," "First-class as to Workmanship," and "Moderate in Price." They are made from Twilled Worsted or the Conventional Broadcloth, satin-lined through—to your measure, From \$30.00 up.

771 Broadway, Cor. 9th St., New York. **Nicoll** 145 & 147 Bowery, New York.

Send stamp for picture, "THE PRETTY TYPEWRITER," to Short hand School, 816 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

YOUR BARBER

is looking out for your comfort and safety, if he is using WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP.

He knows it is the BEST, the PUREST—the only Barbers' Shaving Soap that can be used with safety upon the sensitive, delicate skin of the face.

He thinks enough of your patronage to give you the best there is.

He is worthy of your custom and of your confidence.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP is shaving soap and medicine, too. As a shaving soap, it is most delicate, cream-like and rich.

It softens the beard, so that it cuts without pulling. The lather never dries, so that none of that drawing, smarting sensation is experienced. It cools, comforts and delights.

As a MEDICINE—WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP is a well-known healer of every irritation peculiar to the face. It possesses GERMICIDE properties, and is the great preventive of all forms of blood-poisoning and contagious skin diseases. Prevents pimples and the "chapping" of the face by wind and weather. Keeps the face always bright, fresh and healthy. Is your Barber looking out for your comfort and safety?

is taking great chances (and so are you) if he is using any "cheap," impure shaving soaps upon your face.

There are many such soaps.

They are "cheap," because they are made of cheap and impure materials. Tainted fats, collected from house to house; putrid fats, reeking with disease germs.

The price tempts some Barbers, and they buy them.

Do you realize the danger of having such matter applied to the sensitive skin of your face, during the process of shaving?

BLOOD POISONING of the worst kind follows the use of such soaps.

(FROM Utica (N. Y.) Observer.)

About a week ago WAYNE K. CACKETT, of New Hartford, was shaved in a barber shop in this city. Upon returning home he complained that his lips were sore. The next day a small discoloration appeared on his nose, and he suffered a severe chill. Dr. Kinney, of Washington Mills, was summoned, and later Drs. Quin and Gibson, of this city. The discoloration continued to spread, and he sank into a comatose state, from which he never rallied. The cause was evidently one of blood poisoning.

BARBERS' ITCH is a natural consequence of using "cheap" shaving soaps.

Extract of Letter from CHAS. H. FOSTER, 34 Savin St., Boston, to J. V. REED, Buffalo, N. Y.: "I sincerely wish I had followed the advice you have so often given me—'Never let a Barber shave you unless you are SURE that he uses WILLIAMS' famous BARBERS' SOAP.' I know NOW how dangerous a thing IMPURE Shaving Soap is. The other day, being in a hurry, I went into a Barber Shop near the depot to get a shave. I noticed a rank odor, when the lather was put on my face, and asked the Barber if he used Williams' Soap, and he said he did not, BECAUSE IT COST A LITTLE MORE THAN OTHER KINDS. A few days after, my face was all broken out, terribly sore, and smarting like fire. I consulted my Doctor, who told me it was a bad case of Barber's Itch, caused by using cheap shaving soap, made of diseased and putrid fats. I have suffered the worst kind of torture for two weeks, but I have learned a lesson. No Barber can ever shave me again unless he uses WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP."

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The intention is to help you avoid the losses that come of poor varnish, no matter who uses it!

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HAD SEEN BETTER DAYS.

MR. SELLIT.—Well, Uncle Eph, how are you
gettin' along these days?

UNCLE EPH.—Oh, I'm gettin' along fine.
It's a mighty poor day I don't make my two or
three dollars.

MR. SELLIT.—You must be gettin' rich.
'Spose you pay me that little bill you owe me.

UNCLE EPH.—Well, you'll have to scuse me
to-day, Mr. Sellit. You see, I've been havin' a
lot of mighty poor days lately.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A WATCH MEETING.

It was the last night of the year and about 9
o'clock, a solitary young man might have been
seen hurrying along the street.

"Hello!" exclaimed a friend, meeting him at
a corner. "Where are you going?"

"To a watch meeting," he replied, twisting
an empty fob chain in his fingers.

"Ah, indeed? May I ask where?"

"At uncle's;" and faintly, far down the street,
the three balls glittered in the glare of the elec-
tric light.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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ALL RIGHT, THEN.

"Now, my little man, describe your symp-
toms."

"I have n't dot any symptoms. I dot a pain."
—*Harper's Bazar.*

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Best Girl	" 14	Citizens	"	" 25
Bruder Shinbones	" 38	Out Doors	"	" 18
Bunco	" 19	Out West	"	" 35
Chin	" 42	Profesh	P.	" 29
Chow Chow	" 15	'Round Town	R.	" 6
City Sketches	" 43	Sassietty	S.	" 11
Cold Days	" 36	Shop	"	" 22
Darktown Doings	" 44	Show Business	"	" 16
Dollars and Cents	" 40	Small Boy, The	"	" 28
Dumb Critters	" 54	Snap Shots	"	" 50
Emeralds	" 49	Spoons	"	" 12
Fads and Fancies	" 26	Suburban	"	" 2
Fly Time	" 33	Summer Boarder, The	T.	" 53
Freaks	" 9	Tips	"	" 46
Freddy's Slate	" 52	Togs	"	" 10
Fresh	" 30	Tramp, Tramp, Tramp	U.	" 34
Fun at Zero	" 5	Ups and Downs	V.	" 21
Funny Baby, The	" 8	Very Young Man	W.	" 51
Great American Board- ing-House, The	" 4	Whiskers	Y.	"
Hayseed Hits	" 13			
Help	" 47			
Here and There	" 20			
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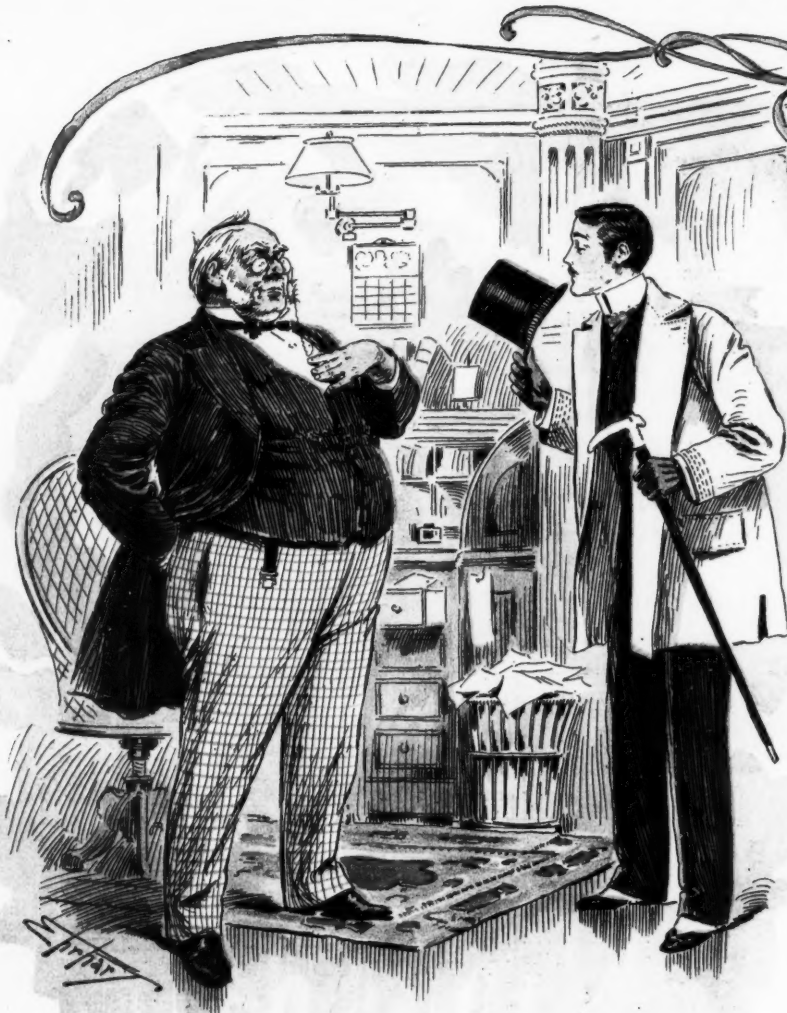
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A Lesson In Finance.

"No," said the rich old banker, a frown upon his brow,
 "I have n't a hundred dollars right in my pocket now;
 But even if I had it — and twice that many, too,
 I can tell you I would n't lend it, my innocent boy, to you.
 But I'll give you a piece of counsel worth fifty times the sum —
 When you have to come a-borrowing, learn the proper way to come."

"And what," said the trembling borrower, "may be the proper way?
 If I'd known a more successful style, I'd have come in that style to-day."

"Why, look you," said the banker, "you're a well-dressed, nice young man —
 Don't come like a tattered and timorous tramp with an empty tomato-can.
 Stick out your chest and cock your eye, and look quite at your ease,
 And demand the cash in a confident voice, and *don't* say 'if you please';
 Look as if you were doing a favor to the man who lends the gold;
 Stick it carelessly in your pocket, and walk out brash and bold.
 And *never* ask for a hundred, while you have the clothes you wear:
 Say that you want a thousand, and you'll find the thousand there.
 You only want a hundred? You talk like a child at play —
 It's easier to borrow a thousand than a hundred, any day."

"Thanks," said the would-be borrower, "I'm sure you're very kind;
 And I shall make an endeavor to bear your advice in mind."

That afternoon the banker was going along the street,
 When he and the would-be borrower chanced on the pave to meet.
 But you'd never have known the borrower, he held his head so high;
 He stuck out his chest so proudly, and flashed so bright an eye.
 He walked in a proud, proud manner, as though he owned the town;
 And in his lofty, lightsome way, nearly ran the old man down.

"Aha!" said the old man, grimly, "you've got your hundred, I think."
 "You mean I have got my thousand," said the young man, with a wink.
 "I find you told me correctly just how the trick was done;
 And I've borrowed the thousand dollars, and borrowed them of your son."

That night, at the end of a long, long talk, the banker said to his son,
 "When I'm asked for a thousand dollars, I offer the beggar *one*."

